

WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W.AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

19th Year, No. 23.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, MARCH 7, 1903.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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THE OPEN DOOR

(See page 5.)

THE WAR CRY.

The Bravest Battle.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not,
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen!
No, nor with eloquent word or thought,
From mouth of wonderful men!

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is the battlefield.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But, oh, these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.
—Joaquin Miller.

Our Missionary Field.

AMONG THE ZULUS.

Major Smith is the Army's missionary to the Zulus in South Africa, and, as will be imagined, in his travels he has some unique experiences. We cull the following from a South African Cry just to hand:

"Having a long journey we were up betimes. My charger was a large grey mare, with one eye, kindly lent to me by my friend, Mr. George Smith, farmer, a neighbor of Ensign Benjie's. Let no man, however, despise my 'nag': (she rejoices in the name, and, let me add, the name indicates her character, of 'Ginger'), for she not only does her work, but does it well. Picture your humble mount outside Kokstad quarters, at 5 a.m., mounting 'Ginger.' She did not quite like it, for she dipped her head between her legs and endeavored to 'buck' me off. Then away she dashed, leaving my S.A. hat behind! That was better than leaving me behind! So I thought, however. Fixing my hat, I started away on my long ride. About 24 miles from Kokstad I off-saddled at a Salvation Soldier's Home. The 'pop in' visit was much appreciated. On my next 'up-saddle,' I nearly had a serious accident. 'Ginger' went into a small stream to drink, and got rather far in between the narrow banks. Contracting her body in turning to get out, she burst the saddle-girth. The loose end of the same frightened her, and, heigho! away she tore sideways. I could feel the saddle slipping off, but could not save myself. I was dashed down with considerable force on the broad of my back, the saddle on top of me. I was stunned for the moment, but, serious as was the position, it was rather amusing to see 'Ginger' turn her head to look at me, for I fell on her blind side. Mending the girth, I re-mounted, and had to do the rest of my ride with a sore and stiff back. Bad as it was, it might have been worse, for I fell on grass, but between great boulders, quite close to me. I praise God for His protecting hand."

"The most part of the afternoon I had to face rainy weather. This made the roads very slippery, and after nightfall I made but slow progress. I turned up at a store drenched with rain, about 8 p.m. The store-keeper gave me a meal, and then I turned in."

"Next morning I pushed on to get to Kilvey Settlement for the meetings. I got there just before dinner-time. My surprise visit was very acceptable to my officers there, viz., Ensign Rennie and Lieut. Mahanjana. We had a rattling good time, and I rejoiced to see two precious souls kneel to seek salvation. They were raw heathen, too."

The Settlement is taking shape nicely. A nice number of trees have been planted, and the buildings and outhouses are kept in good condition. The quarters needed a little better furnishing. (This has since been done.) What is needed to make this little Settlement a centre of salvation is determined and continued hard hitting. Visitation and kraal meetings will accomplish much at this place. The officers are in for a definite move. Keep your editorial eye on Kilvey Settlement.

"My next corps visited was Durban I., where

I had an enjoyable and useful week-end. At this corps I conducted two dedications, and rejoiced over souls in the fountain.

The following week-end I put in at Durban II. The 'boys' (as the Zulu workers are termed) were in fine form, and it was indeed a treat to see them 'slog-in' in the open-air."

COOMBS' RESTITUTION.

Man-Slayer Gets Converted and Makes Amends.

W. L. Coombs, of Liberal, Kansas, last June shot and killed Arthur Smith, an eighteen-year-old boy. He has escaped trial because his case so excited the community that it was impossible to obtain a jury.

A Salvation Army Captain, accompanied by his son and daughter, arrived here from Beaver City, Okla., two weeks ago, and opened a revival. Coombs has lately announced his conversion.

The Captain took him, with witnesses, to the mother of Smith, who is a widow, and Coombs promised her that so long as he earned money he would give her \$20 out of his monthly wages. He also agreed to deed to her his house and land in partial indemnity for the death of the boy.

Coombs says he is constantly haunted, day and night, by visions of the dead boy.

This development of the case has set the people of Liberal in a frenzy of emotional excitement. There is nothing the townsfolk would not do for Captain —. It is not believed that Coombs will ever be sentenced for his crime.

On Coombs' property about a mile out of town, is a small lake frequented by the town boys as a swimming hole. Among the boys there, one day last June, were the seventeen-year-old son of W. L. Coombs and two Smith boys, of whom Arthur was the elder. The boys quarrelled over some trivial matter and the younger Smith boy was badly whipped by young Coombs.

Some days later Arthur Coombs caught and held young Coombs while the younger brother gave him a sound thrashing. On the following day the senior Coombs went to a car where Arthur was unloading coal and forbade him to appear at the lake again. Smith made a taunting reply and threw coal at Coombs, who drew his revolver and fired three shots, all taking effect. Smith died ten hours later.

The shooting created great excitement and talk of lynching. Coombs was placed in the Liberal jail for trial. He was bound over for trial without bond, but was subsequently released on habeas corpus proceedings. His bond was \$5,000. At the term of court when his trial was called it was found to be impossible to secure a jury in the county, and Coombs was released. Coombs is a section foreman on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.—New York World.

Eleven Days in a Steamer's Hold.

"There was a stowaway on board the steamer Gulf of Venice, which arrived here last week from London. The man is reported to have been in the hold for eleven days, and suffered greatly while confined there. It is stated that some of the cargo shifted, and when the hatchways were removed to replace it the man was discovered.

"He was brought on deck, but would tell very little about himself. A heavy beard covered his face, and he presented a pitiable appearance when found. As soon as the steamer touched the pier he disappeared, and that was the last heard of him."—Newspaper Extract.

FROM A LETTER FROM ENSIGN THOMPSON.

"The above man who disappeared from the said ship is quite a refined gentleman, who started from a western city some time ago, with a few hundred dollars, to see some of the world, and got 'broke' in Liverpool, England, and rather than ask a favor of anyone, traveled from there to London, sleeping in the open-air each night, and in so doing contracted some kind of

disease in his feet. With no money or friends, he crawled on board a steamer in London, bound for Halifax. His tale is a wonderful story. As soon as he got on shore he made for the Army Shelter, hence the reason he has not been heard of since. He immediately telegraphed a cousin of his in T., who is in some bank there, and got a wire in a couple of hours after, saying \$40 was mailed him. On Friday evening he received his money, and on Saturday morning he started for the west, a helpless cripple. He was very grateful for the way he was treated at the Shelter. He is going to remember the Army in the west."

Pointed Arrows.

SELECTED BY M. F. E.

Never take your eye off the cross when you think of salvation. All its lines centre there.

Zeal regulated by knowledge is a rare ornament.

Expect the Holy Spirit when you have prayed for His assistance.

Be sure Satan will oppose you, if what you are doing is for God's glory.

Malice is the very image of the devil.

Forgiveness is a God-like grace; resentment is diabolical.

Love is the greatest ornament a believer can wear.

Examine your aim in all you undertake.

Rashness generally ends in folly and shame. Young men are exhorted in Scripture to be sober-minded.

Peace of mind is produced by reliance on God's promises.

Contentment springs from humility.

Look for the hand of God where the eye of reason can only see the hand of man.

If God has done it, it is both your duty and privilege to submit and acquiesce.

Honesty Pays.

We have just read in one of our exchanges an account of a young lady who, by the death of relatives, was placed in very reduced circumstances, and was compelled to enter a dry goods store as saleswoman at the glove counter.

Some very defective gloves were given her to sell. She called the attention of the floor manager. He told her it was her business to obey orders and sell whatever she was told to.

She could not do it conscientiously, and though very much in need of her wages, told him she could not. He discharged her, and she was almost heart-broken. But the merchant who owned the store noticed her absence, heard the floor-manager's explanation, sent for the young lady, examined the gloves, sent them back to the manufacturer, thanked her in behalf of his firm, raised her wages, and assured her that she should never again be interfered with in the conscientious discharge of her duty.

"The people who have their religion done by the superior clergy and ride off their enemies on thoroughbred horses may pass the Army by on the other side as really quite beyond the pale of what is tolerable. In the meantime, whatever may be said of its methods, its results are certainly tangible proof that it has the kernel of the matter. Few of the people who sit in the very comfortable seat of the storm-tiller are capable of a title of the self-sacrifice represented by a month's service in the Army."—Halifax Evening Mail.

The General at the Federal Capital.

THE GENERAL LUNCHES WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Mrs. Roosevelt Receives the Consul—Senator Hanna's Great Banquet—The General Opens the U.S. Senate with Prayer, and Is Accorded the Freedom of the Senate—Great Public Gatherings.

SENATOR HANNA'S BANQUET.

BY COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

SELDOM has so notable a gathering of national celebrities taken place as that which met in the parlors of the Arlington Hotel, at the invitation of Senator Hanna, to greet the world-famous father and founder of the Salvation Army. The scene will undoubtedly assume historic importance in the future, as marking a new milestone of recognition, progress, and possibility in the realm of religion and philanthropy. Ranged around the table were faces betokening the massive intellects and ripened experiences of men to whom the nation had entrusted the shaping of her destinies, not only at home, but among the peoples of the world.

The list of guests included:—Hon. David J. Brewer, Justice, U. S. Supreme Court; Hon. George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President; Brigadier-General George L. Gillespie, Chief of Engineers, U. S. War Department; Hon. David B. Henderson, Speaker, House of Representatives; Hon. J. G. Cannon, Congressman, Illinois; Hon. Francis M. Cockrell, Senator, Missouri; Hon. C. Dick, Congressman, Ohio; Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, Senator, Indiana; Hon. C. H. Grosvenor, Congressman, Ohio; Hon. Geo. F. Hoar, Senator, Massachusetts; Hon. John P. Jones, Senator, Nevada; Hon. Henry B. F. Macfarland, President Board of Commissioners, District of Columbia; Hon. W. H. Moody, Secretary of the Navy; Hon. John T. Morgan, Senator; Mr. Theodore W. Noyes, Editor-in-Chief, Washington Star; Hon. Henry C. Payne, Postmaster General; Hon. Geo. C. Perkins, Senator, California; Hon. Orville H. Platt, Senator, Connecticut; Hon. R. Proctor, Senator, Vermont; Right Rev. Dr. H. Y. Satterlee, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Washington; Hon. J. C. Sibley, Congressman, Pennsylvania.

AN HISTORIC PARLOR.

Previous to the banquet, an informal reception was held in the far-famed parlors of the Arlington Hotel. We fancy, could those walls speak, they would tell of full many a knotty question which had found its solution under the experienced judgment and searching light brought to bear upon it by the statesmen who, from time to time, have found in the spacious and beautifully-decorated parlors a convenient council-chamber.

Here Senator Hanna introduced the General to the various guests, who spoke with surprising conception and appreciation of the Army's work as it had come before their notice in the various parts of the country they represented.

This was perhaps one of the most interesting features of the occasion. Here were men of thought, of learning, and of profound intelligence, representing the leading States from Massachusetts to California, laying aside for a moment the weighty legislative matters which were engrossing their attention particularly during the closing days of the Congress, and devoting the entire evening to the serious consideration of the ever-present.

PROBLEMS OF THE POOR.

Their keen eyes, skilled in reading human character, scanned with earnest interest this everywhere-acknowledged "Hero of the Age," who had grappled with these questions with Christian courage and statesmanlike ability.

The table itself was tastefully decorated with a profusion of roses, tulips, and daffodils, befitting the Army colors, a graceful compliment to the guest and subject of the evening.

Senator Hanna is an excellent chairman, and skilfully guided the conversation along the lines of the world's needs and the Salvation Army's peculiar adaptability for meeting them. Reserving his own remarks, and those of other guests, for a later moment, the Senator introduced the General with a few well-chosen sentences.

The cordial intercourse of the preceding moments, the manifest sympathy of our host, and the evident interest of all present, combined to create

A WAVE OF FRIENDLY FEELING
of which the General was not slow to take advantage. It was indeed a scene inviting the skill of an artist as this Apostle of the Working Classes rose to his feet. Seldom have I realized more of the guiding wisdom and prevailing influence of the Holy Spirit in any of the hundreds of meetings led by our honored General which I have been privileged to attend.

Absorbed in his theme, he depicted, with lightning rapidity, scene after scene of destitution, of sorrow, of sin, of suffering, together with the remedial action and prompt relief afforded by our devoted officers. The cloudy sky was spanned with the rainbow of hope and help.

Touches of infinite pathos brought tears to eyes unaccustomed, we fancy, to such symptoms of sympathy, and yet the dark background of need was brightened by brilliant flashes of humor and inspiring illustrations of accomplishment. Outside engagements which were to have curtailed the stay of some of the

guests were forgotten, and every eye was riveted on the speaker with an interest that never flagged. For an hour and ten minutes the General portrayed in vivid language the world-work which God had enabled him to build up, out of means so insufficient, till it had reached such vast proportions.

A SALVATION ARMY UNIVERSITY NEEDED.

And yet, when he had carried his hearers to the very summit of these marvelous achievements, he paused to remind them of what still remained to be done. He looked out, as it were, over the brow of past accomplishment, upon the vast deserts of humanity, and making the very opportunity to constitute a well-nigh irresistible appeal, he showed that what had been done but proved the possibility of a hundredfold increase and advance. The pioneer difficulties had now been overcome. The Army was no longer an experiment, but in dealing with the problems of the peoples of the earth, an active and successful factor. The criminal, the inebriate, the fallen, the pauper could be rescued, and in turn utilized in the redemption of their own class, while the churchless and wage-earning masses of the world would be influenced and safe-guarded from the perils that only too evidently await the rising generation, and this could be done on a scale commensurate with the need, and at a minimum cost to charitable funds.

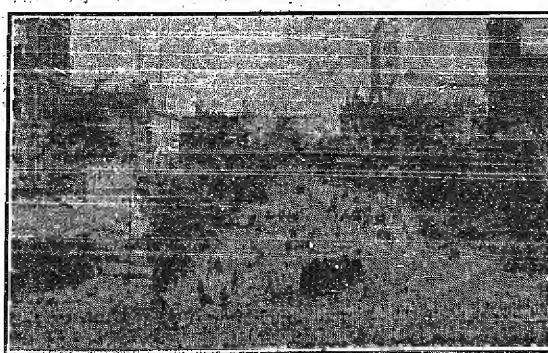
In view of these advances it seemed to the General there was one great need confronting the Army. This consisted in the perfecting and enlarging of our system for the training of workers.

There were universities for language, for science, for agriculture, for manufacture, indeed for almost every conceivable study. Now it was his desire to see established on a world-wide scale, suitable to the vast and varied needs of the moment, an International University, with branches in all the leading countries of the world, where

THE SCIENCE OF HUMANITY

would be studied in a practical rather than theoretical way, on the lines which he had demonstrated to be so feasible and so successful.

Such a scheme would be costly; it was true, although trifling indeed when compared with the immense outlay usually required for such establishments. Moreover, a commencement had been already made. Small training establishments dotted the world. To place these on a worthy basis was perhaps the last great earthly accomplishment which he felt God had entrusted



Pennsylvania Ave., from Dome of Capitol, Washington.



Another View of Pennsylvania Ave., Washington.

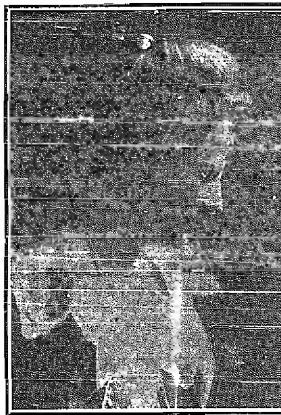
THE WAR CRY

to his hands, before he exchanged his earthly activities for those of heaven.

"I'VE SMASHED MY TARGET!"

The touching incident of a child cripple, with which he closed his address, brought tears to every eye. The little fellow on his deathbed had requested the Army Captain to sell his crutches and add the amount to his pile of penitences which he had saved toward the annual Self-Denial Effort in behalf of the missionary field, in order that he might be able to tell his Saviour, on reaching the land where his dire poverty and heroic sacrifice had alike been recorded, that he had reached his Self-Denial goal. "Don't spend it, Captain, on the box you put me in. Don't spend it on the hole you dig for me. It won't matter, I guess, up there, how I'm fixed up at the last. But I would like to say to my Saviour, when I meet Him in heaven, 'Lord, I've smashed my target!'"

The General passed his slender fingers through his silvery hair, and reminded us that he was seventy-three—the day of activity was far spent; the evening of life was doubtless drawing to a close, and in regard to this perfecting and completion of the Army's far-reaching operations, he would like to be able to repeat the words of the little slum saint, "Lord, I have reached my target!" It was a supremely



The Mistress of the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt.

tender moment, and methinks there was not one present whose heart did not echo in the General's behalf, "Amen."

The conclusion of the General's address was met with an outburst of applause, and the speechlets that followed foreshadowed the everlasting impression which his burning words had evidently made.

In rising to thank the General for his remarks, Senator Hanna's powerful, yet benevolent, countenance evidenced traces of emotion.

SENATOR HANNA RESPONDS.

"My only regret," said the Senator, "is that I could not have had more prominent men here to listen to General Booth's eloquent appeal. In this season of public gaiety men in public life have so many engagements that it is difficult to bring together as large a number as I had set my heart upon. I have believed in the Salvation Army for years, and have given it my support. But I used to think, as many others do, that it was desecration to offer religious papers for sale in saloons, and to kneel and pray in the streets. That was before I understood the work. When I studied the methods of the soldiers in blue, and I learned that they were doing a work for humanity which no other society is in a position to accomplish, I resolved that I would do all in my power to bring their organization to the attention of representative people who have not had an opportunity to attend their meetings and learn the great service General Booth and his followers have rendered in thirty-seven years of consecration, to the neglected and unfortunate."

THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

Speaker Henderson, among forceful words of appreciation, said: "When first I received an appeal from a Salvationist, I sent my Secretary to investigate their work. My instructions to him were, 'Find out whether all they do is to blow their horns and beat their drums at the corners of the streets.' He came back and told this by no means constituted the sum total of their work. That the haunts of sin and vice and crime were visited, and the hearts of the poor cheered. From that time I have subscribed. But favorable as was the report I received from my Secretary, I had no idea, until listening to the General to-night, that the work was so extensive, far-reaching, and effective a character. I think there is not one of us who has listened to this stirring address who will not desire to double our assistance in the future."

SENATOR HOAR.

Still more emphatic were the words of the veteran statesman from Massachusetts, Senator Hoar. "I confess that I have labored under a total misapprehension of the Salvation Army in the past. Indeed, when I have seen their parades and meetings on the corners of the streets, I admit to having felt like bidding them fulfil their Master's command, and go to their closets and shut the door and pray to their Father in secret. But after hearing General Booth this evening, I can clearly see what a narrow and perverted judgment I had formed, and how completely I have been mistaken in regard to their work."

"I have listened with deepest interest to the eloquent story of the founder of this remarkable movement. I thank you, Senator Hanna, for the opportunity you have afforded me. It has carried me back to the times of the apostles, and to the noblest records of the martyrs and pilgrims of old. It seems to me as though we have been in telepathic communication with those heroes of by-gone days. It will afford me pleasure henceforth to do anything within my power to assist these consecrated people in their noble work."

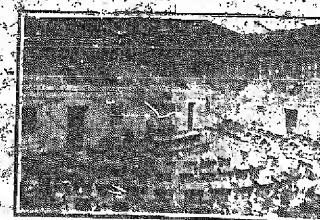
COMMISSIONER MACFARLAND

spoke of his ten years' intimate knowledge of the Army and its workers, and pointed out the important part that its spiritual and religious side had played in its advance. Grand as was its sociological work, still grander was its bold acknowledgement of God and fearless preaching of the Gospel. He urged all present to read the story of the Army's rise and progress as narrated in the "Life of Catherine Booth, the Mother of the Salvation Army."

SENATOR COCKERELL,

of Missouri, was equally earnest in his commendation. "I have been deeply moved," he said, "at General Booth's portrayal of the principles and work of this great organization which he has founded and so ably led. In the past I have been tempted to be discouraged by the inadequate results which appear to come from religious and philanthropic work. But I am bound to say new hope has filled my heart in regard to what I confess have appeared to me in the past the helpless classes of the community. I can see how, on the lines laid down, these people can be reached and reformed by the devoted and skilled workers of the Salvation Army."

"I want to assure General Booth that in this city of Washington he will find one of the grandest possible fields for the Army's work."



U. S. Senate Chamber.

and I hope he will send us one of the best workers to superintend his operations here. We shall certainly afford him all the co-operation in our power."

CONGRESSMAN J. G. CANNON,

of Illinois, called special attention to the increasing need for such work in America. He said: "In old times, when the tide of immigration rolled westward, bringing to our shores settlers of Anglo-Saxon descent, the absorption was, comparatively speaking, a simple matter. English, Scotch, Irish, formed themselves into acceptable communities of a very desirable character."

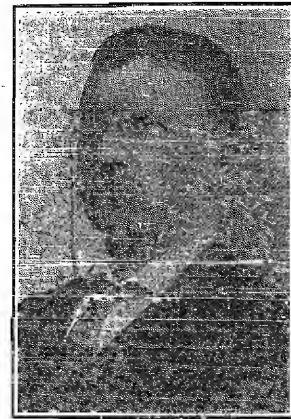
"Of late years, however, this country has been flooded with hundreds of thousands of Poles, Hungarians, Russians, and Italians, bringing with them many of the saddest characteristics of European slumdom, and creating a problem of a very formidable character in our midst."

"The agency which General Booth has described to us this evening, so ably and eloquently, should have the cordial support of every citizen in its efforts to grapple with this problem."

JUSTICE BREWER,

of the United States Supreme Court, said:

While listening to General Booth I have been reminded of those dying words of the late Cecil Rhodes—"So much to do, and so little time to do it." I have felt a deep interest in the great and good work carried on by the Salvation



President Theodore Roosevelt, U.S.A.

Army, but I had no idea that it had already reached such vast proportions."

"Their's is a religion of action. Some one has spoken of the word in the last chapter of the Book of Revelation as the best of the Beatitudes, 'Blessed are they that do.' Surely if it can be said of anybody, it can be said of General Booth and his followers that theirs is a religion not merely of praying, preaching, and professing, but of doing."

"Gentlemen, as I look around this table I see a group of statesmen, each one of whom has rendered distinguished and valuable service to his country, but I ask you, is it not the case, as we look back upon our lives, that the motives upon which we dwell with the sincerest pleasure are the benevolences which we have from time to time shown towards our less fortunate fellow-men? What we have done occasionally and at intervals, the workers of the Salvation Army are doing all the time. The extent of their labors, their wise principles and successful operations have been explained to us in a way that has been alike interesting and instructive. I wish General Booth and his workers all success."

With hearty good wishes and God-speed the historic gathering was brought to a close as the fingers of the clock pointed to the eight hour the guests departed to their various homes. It was a beautiful night, and as the rays of the full moon shone over the great city, methinks they seemed to wreath the plenies of the poor in a new halo of help and hope.

The General's Public Meetings in Washington.

BY LIEUT. COLONEL COX.

The city of Washington is in many ways a city that stands by itself. As the Capital City of the nation, it is in character necessarily unique. We can best explain our words by saying that, striking out from Pennsylvania Avenue—rendered picturesquely prominent by its possession of the Capitol at one end and the White House but a slight remove from the other—at any point of the compass, and questioning the first hundred people he meets, one will probably find that ninety-five of them are connected with the National Government in some way or other. A strong tinge of what one might term the legislative, or judicial, colors everything in the city—business, social, and religious life—oozing out in thought, speech, and habit, in a perfectly spontaneous and unstudied way.

Thus, we take it, the magnificent receptions accorded the General, the crowds that surged to his meetings, and the spiritual fervor produced as one of the results, were all the more remarkable, since the capital is a difficult field for religious effort. ◊ ◊ ◊

BOTH SERVICES PACKED.

There is never any doubt about the General's week-night or Sunday meetings having a full attendance, but a week-day service at 3:30 p.m. was certainly not far beyond the primary stage, as far as speculation as to a packed auditorium was concerned. But here in Washington several hundreds of people, many of whom had forfeited a half-day's pay for the occasion, had to be turned sorrowfully away from the fine First Congregational Church, and that some time before the meeting commenced. ◊ ◊ ◊

The truth cut deeply at the afternoon service. It was no mere theoretical or historical Christ that the General held up to the gaze of that audience, but one who had shed real blood to purchase a no less real salvation—a Christ, not a sentiment, or cast distinction, but a Christ who came to earth in a manger, with spikes in His hands and feet, and

A CROSS UPON HIS BACK.

The audience was a mixed one, but all alike were affected. As Peter, with the fire and fervor of Pentecost still with him, struck home to the heart of the Jew, Parthian, Mede, Scythian, Greek and Barbarian alike, so did the General pour out the message of his soul, pushing and urging it upon the minds and hearts of all. As he spoke a certain rugged, leonine splendor made itself manifest, that thrilled one with a sense of the apostolic.

The Evening Star reporter, whom we may safely regard as possessing a wide acquaintanceship, said: "In the audience we noticed many business and professional men and officials in various stations in government and local service. Many clergymen, representing nearly every denomination and creed in Washington, evidenced their approval of the Salvation Army movement by their presence at the meeting, while large numbers of ladies were noticed in all parts of the auditorium. All phases and conditions of society were represented. The expression noted on the faces of most of the people composing the large gathering was not one of mere curiosity, but rather of appreciative interest in the proceedings."

Not only was deep interest displayed, but sacred influences generally felt, convinced us that the sphere of spiritual blessing extended far beyond those who courageously came to the penitent form.

THE LECTURE AT NIGHT.

We longed for a bigger building at night, but in the matter of letting the people in, the best that could be done was to fill every seat and give as many people as the police would permit reserved space against the walls—a fatiguing position, of

course, but one that was jumped at by all who got the chance.

Commissioner Macfarland made an excellent chairman. After being introduced by the Commander, the Commissioner remarked:

"We, of the National Capital, officially and personally welcome the founder of the worldwide Salvation Army with peculiar heartiness. Forty years of splendid effort and splendid achievement are his title to our respect and regard. Long ago ridicule of the Salvation Army ceased, except among the ignorant; long ago it lost the stern stimulus of persecution, except in isolated instances. It is five years since the last visit of the veteran leader of the Salvation Army of the world to the city of Washington. At that time the presiding officer at a similar public meeting bade him farewell with the feeling shared by many that we would never see his face again: His tremendous duties and responsibilities, with their great and constant drain on his mind and heart, have not broken him down. On the contrary, he comes to us, after all that he has done, in other parts of the world, fresh from the most successful tour of the United States he has ever made, with all that implies of great meetings and their exactions."

The tremendous comprehensiveness of the Army's work hit the audience as much as anything. The General's thrilling description of how the organization had first twined its roots about the Rock of Ages, and then shot up, until its branches became a shelter for the distressed of every nation, and its fruits were partaken of by them with great delight, struck a chord of sympathy in a thousand hearts. The lecture created a profound impression. The marvelous versatility of the General has been apparent during this Washington campaign as on few previous occasions. In this meeting we saw it again. Now plunging into one of the knottiest problems of social life, again launching a sudden shaft of humor at some foible of the day; at one moment striking at sin as with the hammer of an avenging angel, and in the next pointing to the world-girdling children of his love and faith, with pardonable pride; touching upon every conceivable phase of hapless human nature, yet in all things overshadowing it with the assurance of Divine compassion, the General carried his entire audience along to a climax where unrepressed sympathy held full sway, and the General himself found it difficult to say a last good-night.

Before doing so, the General lovingly introduced the Consul, whose strength would only permit a few words of prayer, which, however, exhibited pretty fully the fiery aspirations and determinations which possessed her warrior heart.

Prior to this the General moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, and Commissioner Macfarland, in response, spoke feelingly of his ten years' membership in our Auxiliary League, and of the hope he doubted not they all entertained that the General would be spared for another American visit at a not-far-distant day, closing with the humorous remark, which, of course, brought down the house, that it might yet be found possible to move the International Headquarters either to Washington or New York.

Girl Masquerading as Boy.

The police officials of Spokane have just handed over to Staff-Capt. Jost a young girl, sixteen years old, who has, for nearly four months, held positions as messenger boy, under the name of Charlie Scott, in the service of the Western Union.

It has transpired that the girl never knew her real parents. She never seemed to have cared for her foster-parents, and attempted to run away several times. Her last attempt succeeded on account of her disguise. She learned to smoke cigarettes while disguised as a boy, although she did not take to drink, and seemed to have filled her position as messenger very well and to the satisfaction of her employers.

Now that it is all over, the girl is heartily weary of it. She welcomed being taken to the Army Rescue Home.

THE OPEN DOOR.

(To our frontispiece.)

"Those who enter here need not bear a name, but a sorrow," was the inscription over the door of the humble home of the good bishop in Victor Hugo's immortal "Les Misérables," and a copy of this description might rightly be placed over our Rescue Homes, for it is not the influence of a weighty name, but the existence of a great sorrow that admits an applicant.

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There is probably no Social Work of the Army which can record such success as the Rescue Work among erring women. All round the world we are enabled to prove of seeing eighty per cent. of those who pass through our Rescue Homes as satisfactory, that is, they are leading clean and reformed lives, in many cases have become sincere Christians, members of the Salvation Army, or in other instances of sonic other denomination.

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We cannot open the door too wide to help fallen womanhood. In early years the objection was raised that to make provision for these unfortunate beings meant to make the path of vice easier. Years of experience have proved the contrary to be the case. Our Rescue Work does not condone vice, but makes reform easy. It has been proved in general that to cut off a criminal altogether from society, and to thrust him back into the company of the vicious, is a sure way of multiplying and aggravating crime, but to give an ex-convict a chance to reform, especially first offenders, in most cases means the making of an honest citizen. Such is the case in our Rescue Work. Many unfortunate girls who would have been driven onto the street, and hardened in wrong-doing, have been saved, and are to-day trophies of Divine grace.

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All girls admitted do some work to earn as far as possible the means of their support, and, if inexperienced, are taught domestic work, or some other suitable employment. We seek to win their confidence, learn their stories, advise them, seek their conversion, and assist in tracing the father of the child, as well as make him responsible for a share of its support.

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We cannot supply the demand of domestic servants made upon our Rescue Homes everywhere. Those girls who have gone with our recommendation to situations have proved such desirable workers that many ladies would take a girl with our approval much sooner than anyone else. We have no greater friends, and more sincere sympathizers, than the mistresses who have had servants from our Rescue Homes. That is surely the very best evidence of the satisfactory methods employed in our institutions.

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We aim at making our Homes self-supporting, and in one instance this is altogether the case, but as a whole we cannot yet earn all the money required to meet the expenses. There is no branch more deserving of support, and but from an economical and social point of view so cheaply supported. We have made many comparisons with the balance sheets of similar institutions managed by other societies, but there is none that can compare for economy and practical result with the work accomplished in our Women's Rescue Homes. This we say without reflection or boastfulness.

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The secret of our success is to be found in the complete consecration of our officers to this particular work, being impelled by the love of God, in the resources of a well-disciplined organization, and in the advantage of training in practical work afforded by years of experience in all quarters of the globe. The greatest of these, however, is charity; a boundless, burning love of humanity and a determined desire to alleviate the sorrow of those who are more sinned against than have sinned themselves, and who have to bear, usually, the whole burden of the consequences, namely, disgrace, shame, and the scorn of their friends.

THE WAR CRY.

Daily Readings Illustrated.

SUNDAY.

"It is good neither to eat flesh nor drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."—Rom. xiv. 21.

Paul in this verse gives to us excellent counsel. Very often one is asked as to whether it is wrong to do this or that. Let us ask ourselves simply, "Does it cause my brother to offend? If so, I will cast it aside." Many, for instance, think it is not wrong to smoke, and yet are setting a fearful example to the young, and placing before sinners a hindrance that is hard to explain away.

Bishop Nicholson, of the Episcopal Church, says: "We never yet heard any argument in favor of this persistent use of tobacco except that of a purely selfish indulgence. Men whose vocation calls them to a daily crucifixion of the flesh, and who are supposed to be on duty day and night, have no right to use such an argument. We have never yet met with one single case of moral good or spiritual help or physical gain resulting from this use of tobacco, but we have seen untold evils and grave decadence follow in its train."

MONDAY.

"First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift!"—MATT. v. 23.

How often we pray in the Lord's Prayer: "Forgive us . . . as we forgive them," and yet find it so hard to forgive a supposed slight, or the angry word of someone. Let us be slow to offend, but quick to forgive.

There lived in New England a family consisting of a father, mother, and one son. The son had some difficulty with his father and left home. The mother was taken ill, and the son was sent for, that he might be present and see his mother die. As the son approached his mother's bed the father was kneeling upon the opposite side, holding the mother's hand. The mother joined the hands of the father and son across the bed, and thus, between the two, she died, exclaiming: "Be ye reconciled together." Here we see the representation of Christ on the cross, reaching one hand up towards heaven and the other downward toward the earth, for the purpose of bringing God and man together.

TUESDAY.

"Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shall heap coals of fire on his head."—Rom. xi. 20.

An oft-repeated truth, but sterling advice just the same. It is unwise to allow even a small part of the devil to take possession of us, and thus make us retaliatory in an angry spirit.

Some years ago, when Mr. Moody was preaching in the slums, he was delayed in leaving the hall until late in the evening. The exit was in a back street, and as he left the building he found a number of roughs waiting to annoy him. As he walked along he heard them say: "Here he comes!" and they prepared to jostle him from the sidewalk. Going straight up to the ringleader, Mr. Moody held out his overcoat, and, with self-possession that commanded complete respect, said:

"My friend, won't you help me on with my overcoat? I am not quite so active now as I was at your age, and some day when you're as old as I am, I'll be glad to do you the same favor."

No bully was ever more completely taken back with surprise. He held the overcoat for the evangelist to get into it, and then, thanking the young man for his aid, Mr. Moody went along unmolested.

WEDNESDAY.

"And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works."—HEB. x. 24.

The possibilities of helping each other along the heavenly road are very great. Good work is as necessary as good faith. We should seek to do our work for the Master in a way that shall merit His "Well done!" How men and women do strive to perfect themselves in the professions of the world.

It is said of the great French actress, Sarah Bernhardt, that it is her custom every night to sleep in a coffin, and that daily, among the ornaments of her luxurious apartments, she has placed upon her table a ghastly skull. Her object is probably to enable her to act in reality the tragic parts she has to play. And so well does she succeed, and all Paris is at her feet.

Let the days pass not idly by, but improve ourselves daily, and urge others to do the same.

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THURSDAY.

"For we are laborers together with God; ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building"—1 COR. iii. 9.

A lady was watching a potter at work, whose one foot was kept with "never-slackening speed turning his swift wheel round," while the other rested patiently on the ground. When the lady said to him in a sympathizing tone, "How tired your foot must be!" the man raised his eyes and said, "No, ma'am; it isn't the foot that works that's tired; it's the foot that stands."

The people who are tired of life are not those who work, but those who are too proud or too lazy to do so. Many of the rich are morbidly restless, while those who have to earn their daily bread are comparatively contented and happy. The Bible says that "the sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much" (Ecccl. v. 12); and the busy worker has health and blessing which the listless idler never knows.

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FRIDAY.

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—MATT. vii. 14.

A poor old woman who used to get her living by peddling, aroused the curiosity of a certain gentleman by the way she went about her business. After going from door to door with her wares, in the streets close to where she lived, she would, at a certain hour each day, find herself close to the gentleman's house which stood at the corner of four cross roads. When she reached the spot the old woman would pause, look first one way and then another as though undecided, and throw the stick which supported her feeble steps into the air. Sometimes she would pick it up and go quietly on her way; but, at other times, she would toss the stick into the air several times, apparently growing more and more angry each time.

One day the gentleman living in the corner house, who had been watching the old woman, went out and asked for an explanation of her conduct.

"Well, you see, sir, it's like this: There be four roads to follow, and as they are all one to me, I don't know which to settle on, so I just throw up my stick, and whichever way the handle points when it falls, I take to be the right one."

"But," continued the gentleman, still puzzled, "sometimes you appear to get angry and throw your stick into the air more than once."

"Ah," replied the old woman, "that's when the handle does not point the road I want to go."

Some people pray for guidance, and ask for advice, but only take for answer what suits their own inclinations.

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SATURDAY.

"For the Lord will not forsake His people for His great name's sake; because it hath pleased the Lord to make you His people."—1 SAM. xii. 22.

In times of temptation and great difficulty, this verse will be exceptionally welcome. He "will not forsake us." Blessed promise!

Both inside and outside our ranks, thank God, deeds and lives of true heroism are still to be recorded—interests, health, and life sacrificed in the effort to bring the perishing to the Lamb of Calvary.

Are you following Christ fully, and treading in the same track of toil and sacrifice that He trod? or are you living for self, seeking your own interests, concerned more about your own comfort than the salvation of souls?

Evolution of the Salvation Army.

JAPAN.—RESCUE WORK. Continued.

We referred to the opening of a Rescue Home in Tokyo in our last issue, and the agitation set on foot to get the Government to render illegal the system of licensed prostitution, which, as already mentioned, has been in vogue for over three hundred years, and by which it was practically impossible for a girl to leave her life of vice, even if she so desired.

Major Duce, of Japan, has recently written some interesting particulars as to the result of his agitation.

"The Government," he states, "undertook the control of the licensed system, and issued an ordinance by which any girl who desired to leave her evil life could do so. The result of the action on the part of the Government has been, in the course of eighteen months, to reduce the number of licensed women from 52,274, to 40,175, a decrease of 12,099."

"The publicity given to this form of vice has also had very salutary effect upon that portion of the public who patronized houses of ill-fame as is shown by Government statistics.

"Still, we do not consider it advisable to keep the agitation going all the time, yet we occasionally take steps to draw the attention of the public, and especially of the girls themselves, to the necessity there is for even further action. The first issues of the War Cry in the month of August, for the last two years, have been Rescue Anniversary Numbers, containing particulars of the progress made in this work, and speaking in no uncertain tones of the sinfulness of vice. Counsel is also given us as to how a girl can leave her awful conditions if she so desires. Wherever we have a corps this special War Cry is taken to the licensed quarters and put into the hands of the girls.

"The social agitation has certainly given us increased opportunities for pushing our soul-saving work all over the country. Wherever we go we are received with kindly interest, and usually the *Kyn Sei Gun* (Salvation Army) and *Jiyu Haigyo* (Free Cessation) come very ready to the people's lips. For they feel that a battle has been fought and won on behalf of unfortunate womanhood, which disposes them to listen to our message.

"Our going to a city has, however, rather a different effect upon a certain class, as was recently discovered by one of our officers on visiting a city on the west coast for the purpose of raising funds for our work.

"As soon as it was known that a Salvation Army officer was coming there was a great stir amongst the brothel-keepers, and paragraphs appeared in the local papers describing their consternation at the advent of the Salvation Army; but when they found that the officer was there on a purely peaceful mission, the newspapers duly recorded the relief that came to the minds of the keepers of houses of ill-fame. The Army is thus a terror to evil-doers."

"The work done in the Rescue Home during the past two years has been very encouraging for we find that during that time we have received sixty-three girls from the following 'profections':

Licensed Girls	44
From Bad Tea-Houses	8
Singing Girls	4
From other sources	7

"Many of these have had to push their way through not a few difficulties to get to us. One girl walked ten days' journey, from a country district, to get to our Home in Tokyo. While another, who came from Kyoto, had a walk of over two hundred miles."

"One inmate, who had proved unfaithful to her husband, had been induced, as a sign of her true repentance, to cut off her hair, also one of the joints of her little finger. Finally, a friend of the Salvation Army told her of our Rescue Home, to which she came, bringing with her her finger-joint, preserved in alcohol, to show the genuineness of her repentance."

"The following are the particulars as to what has become of the sixty-three girls: Married, 24; returned to parents and friends, 17; sent to service, 1; sent to a sewing-school, 1; unsatisfactory, 4; uncertain, 7; now in Home, 9."

The General at Birmingham and Atlanta.

Alabama and Georgia Honor Our G. O. M.—"Tribute to a Man Who Gave Breath to an Idea Which Has Led to the Betterment of the Human Race"—"The Greatest Man of the Age."

Brilliant Battles in Birmingham, Ala.

Sunday was a never-to-be-forgotten day, both press, people, and pulpit acclaim it to be the biggest and mightiest day Birmingham has ever seen, and more than one was heard to remark that the Bijou Theatre, with its 2,300 seats, was never so crowded as it was to listen to the honored General of the Salvation Army.

The "Age Herald" of Monday, Feb. 9th, in a pen-picture of the General writes as follows: "After an evidently informal opening, his speech begins to take form and color, show the character of the man making it. Earnestness, absolute and telling, is the dominant note. The man evidently believes in himself and his work, and this work of his, according to all intelligent observers, is worth hearing about, especially when the man who has done it tells the story of his achievements."

"And now the audience stills itself and remains rapt. The silence is unbroken, save by the voice with the earnest ring in it that gathers strength with each moment until it vibrates in every part of the house.

SINGULARLY SIMPLE.

"Under the focus of thousands of eyes, the General goes on with his speech. He has none of the arts of the orator. He is singularly simple, yet dramatic withal. He sways constantly on his feet, with no gesture of any sort, until he pictures the marching hosts whom the Salvation Army has saved; then he tramps back and forth before his auditors, stopping only to make sweeping gestures with both hands. All this his hearers note until the man is almost forgotten in the story he is relating.

"It is so plain and straightforward that no one can fail to understand, and its theme so vast that its greatness alone commands attention and holds the interest of all present. Even the interest increases as the picture grows under the sound of that voice with the incessant earnestness. The Army—of one man—is barely to be seen in the slough of London's slums. But it grows in numbers and influence, its flags fly in every breeze, its songs resound in every country, its few saved sinners become thousands and tens of thousands, its good works brighten the life of all humanity. It deserves help everywhere, and most of all in Birmingham.

"The audience draws a long breath and reaches out hands filled with silver to the baskets that are passing. It keeps its eyes on the figure on the stage, for a strange thing has happened—an old man, worn by long service, has developed before its eyes into a giant, the fit leader of a militant organization. It seems wonderful, almost incredible, yet all this is true. Each person in the vast audience has witnessed the transformation and feels that the speaker is a wonder-man."

General Rhodes, of the Confederate Army, should have chaired the afternoon meeting, but was compelled to leave the city on most important business.

Mr. J. B. Mabb, Editor of the Birmingham News, therefore, occupied the chair, and in introducing the General spoke as follows:

A GLOWING TRIBUTE.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is oftentimes said in this age that the success of man is measured by a money standard. I deny it. I believe mankind is better, purer, more charitable, and cherishes higher ideals than ever before in the period of its long, arduous, and tedious journey to a higher plane.

The presence of this audience upon this occasion—the finest I believe, I have ever seen in Birmingham—is a demonstration of itself that the world does not withhold its homage to honest and genuine worth. No banker, nor railroad president, nor trusted magnet, could call you here in these numbers; but you have gathered

welcoming to their State the father and founder of the Salvation Army.

A SELECT BANQUET.

was organized, and attended by fifty of Atlanta's most prominent citizens. Governor Terrell presided, while Mr. W. S. Whitman introduced the General in a racy speechlet. Merchants, bankers, millionaires, newspaper editors, were introduced by him as extending to our leader a cordial welcome on behalf of this great and prosperous gateway of southern enterprise. They loved and admired him, because while they might spend one day amid the poor to a thousand among more pleasant surroundings, with the General and with the Army which he led, the opposite was the case—to a single day spent in such a banquet hall he would spend a thousand in uplifting the down-trodden masses of mankind.

Surrounded by such an atmosphere of friendliness, the General launched forth with his usual freedom. The various phases of Army work which were most likely to appeal to the instincts of those present as business men, were passed in rapid view. Incident followed incident, and time flew swiftly by, till it became necessary for all the guests to adjourn to the great public meeting.

The large auditorium presented a sea of faces full of eagerness to see and hear

"THE GREATEST MAN OF THE AGE."

as Dr. Broughton had aptly described the General when announcing his approaching visit to the city. We were assured by those who knew that the reserved seats were occupied by Atlanta's more illustrious citizens. The Hon. Joseph M. Terrell,

THE GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA,

again occupied the chair, and introduced the General to the audience in the following warmly appreciative address:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is a royal welcome which we Georgians owe toward an Englishman. The United States is a great country, and Georgia is a great State. But we owe much to Old England, for most of our forefathers came from that country.

"In thinking over what I should say to you this evening as to the distinguished man who shall shortly address us, it occurred to me that I could liken him and his record to the founder of the Georgia Colony, Oglethorpe. The leading characteristic of Oglethorpe was a craving desire to help those who could not help themselves; that is the leading characteristic of the great man who will address us this evening.

"It has been said that he who would make two blades of grass grow where but one might otherwise grow, was a benefactor of mankind. If that is true, then what a benefactor of humanity is he through whose genius the waste places of humanity are built up, and depraved men and women are brought into a new life through the merits of a crucified Saviour, and made fit subjects to live in the Celestial City.

"Such a person and such a genius is General William Booth, one of the world's greatest men. He is the leader of a great battle, he is the General of a great Army—battle that is being waged to-day, that has been waged in the past, and that will be waged in the future—the battle against sin. We all should uphold his hand, and the hands of his followers.

"I take pleasure in introducing him to you now."

Seldom have we heard the General pour forth his heart upon the listening multitude with greater freedom. From the opening sentence God enabled him to rivet their attention and carry them along on a tidal wave of enthusiasm. If ever a speaker threw his heart into his utterances, it was the General upon this occasion. My readers will possibly remember the story of the dying French soldier who, writhing under the surgeon's knife, cried out: "Doctor, cut a little deeper and you will see pictured upon my heart the face of my Saviour." The General's every utterance spoke eloquently of the fact that the photograph which filled his heart and mind was one of the stern and ever-pressing needs of the underworld, to whose interests his life has long been consecrated.

The General in Atlanta, Georgia.

The General's fortnight in the south has indeed been a series of triumphs. Warm-hearted Georgians were not likely to be left behind in

The War Cry.

PRINTED for Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army, in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska. JOHN LAWLEY, Director of the Salvation Army Printing House, 15 Albert Street, Toronto.

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—All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

Editorials.

The Siege.

First Soul-Saving Week.—On Sunday, March 8th, the first week for special efforts to save souls begins. Reconciliation Sunday and careful visitation will have largely prepared the ground and given priceless opportunities of getting to know the difficulties of many an unhappy life. Now is the time to strike. We must compel them to come in. Crowds, if not essential, are very desirable to successful soul-saving. The larger your audience the greater the chance of striking home to many hearts. Simple, direct, faithful, and prayerful talk will find the shortest road to the heads and hearts, the understanding and the emotions of those whom we seek to save. There is no better motto for this week's effort than the General gave us some years ago: "Go for sinners, and go for the worst." To strike at the gross, common sins of the masses frequently strikes the highest in society, and is always the safest. To rail against "sins in high places" serves only to generate bitter feeling and cheap applause, while there is no practical result, because the class assailed does not frequent our barracks. Remember that we are the Church of the Black Sheep; let us justify that beautiful name by going after the black sheep; the white ones have many shepherds already.

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The General.

By the time this edition will reach the public the General will have boarded the steamer Celtic, which will bear him back to the Army's heart, the International Headquarters, at London. His five months' tour through Canada and the United States has been one of unbroken triumph. Everywhere the best of all classes, statesmen, churchmen, commercial magnates, society leaders, and scholars have vied with the masses to do honor to one who, by sixty years of unselfish devotion to the cause of God and humanity, through evil and good report, through slander and flattery, through persecution and heart-tearing trials, has compelled a critical and suspicious, and at times even hostile, world to give him its profound respect and admiration, as well as much of its sympathy and approval which was due to him at the onset. The Canadian meetings have been, as a whole, uncancelled anywhere, and we may be proud of this record, especially as we know these great public demonstrations were not the outcome of a sudden enthusiasm, born of the hour, under the magnetic influence of our magnificent leader, but they were the culmination of true appreciation of a veteran who had weathered the storm and unfalteringly faced the battle, which left him victorious in the field. It was a popular ovation freely and enthusiastically given to merit, to integrity, to unselfishness, to consecration, and to Christ-likeness. Across the border the reports have informed us of continual

repetition of the same manifestations in all large centres of population from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Buffalo on the Great Lakes, to the Gulf cities. As one man we cry after the General: "We loved you well, but we love you better; we will serve you, and honor you, and assure you that the inspiration which your presence and counsel has brought us shall crystallize within us thoughts, words, and actions worthy of you, of the Flag, and of the Christ you serve."

The Commissioner.

We have much reason to rejoice that the Commissioner has suffered considerably less this winter from ill-health than has been the case in former years, especially at the beginning of her stay in Canada, when such serious illness assailed her. Miss Booth has filled all her public appointments with probably less fatigue than on other occasions, and with increased success. London, the last engagement, in spite of the drawback of the inclement weather, proved once more a record-breaker, till one finds it an exceedingly hard task to find adjectives sufficiently expressive, when comparing the latter with the magnificent accomplishments of past campaigns.

The Commissioner has now planned already her engagements and work for the present year, right to December, and the program, in its present draft, with public meetings, camp meetings, journeys from the farthest east to the farthest west, schemes, extensions, new departures, etc., etc., will tax the time, health, and ingenuity of our active and courageous leader to the full. We know that multitudes will look forward with intense satisfaction to her visits, and we believe that we all shall be more than ever proud, at the end of 1903, of the Army's conquests to which our beloved Commissioner shall have led us.

BOSTON'S BEST.

Lieut.-Governor Greets General on Arrival at the American Athens.—Over Three Thousand People Crowd the Streets to Hear the Army's Veteran Chieftain.—One Hundred and Seventy-One Prisoners Captured is the Magnificent Sum Total.

(By Wire.)

Snow covered the streets, and a herd, severe frost held the city of Boston in its grasp when the General's train arrived there, over two hours late. These difficulties would have been quite enough to daunt any ordinary crowd, but not so with the Salvationists, who stood at their posts, engaging themselves with music and song. When the General came in sight they gave him an uproarious reception and shouted themselves warm. The Lieut.-Governor, representing the States of Massachusetts, assured the General that New England counted it an honor to have him within its gates.

As for the meetings, they have been beyond description, and out of reach of imaginative powers. They have certainly been amongst the grandest of this campaign. The great Boston Theatre, containing over three thousand seats, was besieged before the doors opened, and in a short time after gorged from top to bottom, hundreds being unable to gain an entrance. The General was mighty in Divine eloquence, piercing the hearts and consciences of the multitudes. One hundred and seventy-one persons, including prize-fighters, were compelled to surrender to the claims of Jehovah. Officers and soldiers, with Commander and Consul, were fighting to the finish. Verily this week-end marks a new era in New England's Salvationism.

General is wonderful. Will every reader glorify God!—JOHN LAWLEY, Colonel.

Territorial Newslets.

The Commissioner has just returned from New York, where she has been on business and to bid good-bye to the dear General before he sailed for London. While there of course the Commissioner did not miss the opportunity of assuring the General of the affection of his troops in this Territory.

The town of Bridgetown, in the Eastern Province, has taken a new lease of life, as far as the S. A. is concerned. Nine months ago we had scarcely half a dozen soldiers, but recently a great revival has broken out. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp visited the corps on a recent Sunday and had forty people on the march. The Opera House was engaged for the meetings, which was filled, and twenty-two souls came to the penitent form for the week-end.

The new buildings at Listowel and Windsor, Ont., are coming into shape, and in a very short space of time they will be ready for opening. When that time comes we may expect our work in general will flourish in both places.

The Central Ontario Province has carried off the palm in sending Cadets to this Training Session. Seventeen is the splendid number the Province has rolled up of lads and lassies, whose services will henceforth be given to God and the Army. The writer has had an opportunity of seeing two or three of these new Cadets, and in intelligence and general appearance they are exceptionally good.

The Eastern Province takes the second place, sending no less than twelve Cadets to this Training Home.

Pray for the Sick.—Lieut. Tom Agnew, who was staying with Adj't. Barr a day or two between appointments, was taken suddenly ill at the latter's quarters, which sickness was later pronounced to be scarlet fever. Of course the Lieutenant was immediately removed to the Isolation Hospital, where, we are glad to say, he is rapidly recovering.—It was indeed a great pleasure to see the face of Adj't. Burrows around Territorial Headquarters again. In answer to our queries he described somewhat of the sufferings through which he had passed, when we could not help but rejoice that God, in His merciful goodness, had seen fit to bring him through the operation so mercifully.—It is also good news to learn that Capt. Parker, of Hamilton, is much improved in health.—A long list of sick officers has reached the Commissioner from the East Ontario and the Newfoundland Provinces. It may not be possible to make each individual case a matter of prayer, but our comrades who enjoy good health might well petition the Throne of Grace on behalf of our suffering comrades.

The Eastern Star gives us good news concerning the visit of Staff-Capt. Manton in the Eastern Province. "That veteran Salvationist, Staff-Capt. Manton," it states, "has had an excellent tour through the Province, and met with a warm reception everywhere. What a tremendous time he had in Cape Breton, and a splendid finish at St. John. Dad is a welcome visitor in this part of the world. We wish him Godspeed."

About twenty-five officers changed appointments in the Eastern Province on Feb. 5th, '03.

Lindsay Enters Siege Buoyantly.

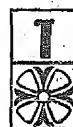
Brigadier Pickering and Revivalists Fire First Shot.

(By Wire.)

This week-end witnessed great salvation battles at Lindsay, led by Brigadier Pickering and Provincial Revivalists. Crowds splendid. Sunday night, mighty conviction and twenty-three souls at the mercy seat. Siege council a success. Nearly everybody present signed Pledge Cards. Tide rising. Expectation for Revivalists very great. Officers and soldiers linked together for a mighty triumph. Senior corps going ahead. Corps-Cadets working well. Lindsay is determined to win, led on by Ensign Staiger and Capt. Gali.—Adj't. Sims.

The Commissioner's SECOND SIEGE APPEAL

(TO BE READ FROM THE PLATFORM ON SUNDAY NIGHT.)



I AM always talking to sinners, thinking of sinners, praying for sinners. Ever since I can remember their great need has filled all my heart, and often I find myself even dreaming of their salvation. To draw them from the dark, hard path of transgression, with its bitter ending, into the love and safety of God's Kingdom, is the work to which all my life has been given, and I like to seize any and every chance that crosses my path to help them. Therefore, while these special salvation efforts, embraced in the Siege, are being put forth by my dear people all over the Territory; I want to try and help you by using this opportunity to say a few words to you, not in a far-off sense, but in a near, direct and personal sense.

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HOW much I wish it were possible for me to meet you—to sit down beside you and give you an opportunity of speaking to me. You might open out your heart, as many hundreds have done, and tell me all the burdens that press it, and all the sorrows and regret which fill it. Some of you would tell me of many years back: of boyhood, of a Christian home, and happy influences, with the blessings upon your head, of God-fearing parents, all giving you a splendid start. Some would tell me frankly of a wasted and ill-spent life, full of disappointments, wrongs and sorrows. Some, with such a very sad countenance, would tell how everything from as far back as infancy has been against you; evil influences cursing your childhood, and extreme poverty making your heart hard toward God and man; some, whose faces I think would carry marks of even keener regret, would admit how everything had been in your favor. You might have been good; you might have been happy; you might have been useful to God and to others. There have been so many things meet you upon the path; so many warnings; so many entreaties which have persuaded you to love an upright and holy life, but

SOME SIN HAS ENSNARED YOU,

and entrapped you, and held you. It may be the saloon; it may be the gambling-table; it may be wicked companions; it may be a cruel, cold indifference to the claims of God and eternity; it may be selfish, earthly gain which absorbs all your time and all your thought, and will leave you with no help or comfort when life slips out and death rolls in. I cannot say what it is, but to-day you have no more hope of heaven than if you had never heard of Christ and the judgment. Some of you would tell me of starts you have made, but how you went back in a weak, tried moment; of promises you have spoken in some hour of repentance, by the side of a little dead child; or looking into the open grave of some loved one; promises you have broken, and now, as you review the past, with its wasted hours, ill-used privileges and lost oppor-

tunities, and look around the circumstances of the present which cast gloomy shadows over the future, you are feeling helpless and almost in despair.

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NOW, I want to remind you just now and here of how good God has been to you. When you have refused to hearken to His pleadings, or heed His warnings, or be broken down by His great love, He has not left you, but has tracked your way with entreaties; with ten thousand mercies He has followed you through all your wanderings; He has met you at every dark landing-place of the journey; He has pressed His way into your circumstances, whatever they have been, and from the open grave, or the little sick-bed, or out of the depths of bitter disappointment, He has called to you to give Him your heart, to make Him your Friend; to lay down your burden at His feet, which were torn that He might take it, and to lift your sorrows on to His heart, which was wounded for your transgressions.

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IN the gift of Jesus to this poor world Heaven gave us such a wonderful Saviour—a Saviour who is all-tender, all-strong, and all able; a Saviour for the poor, for the unfortunate, for the sinner. His blood can wash the blackest stain; for the deepest guilt there is the greatest pardon; for the lowest sin, the highest salvation; for the severest bondage, the most perfect deliverance; for the most wretched past, the most complete blotting out.

JESUS THE ABLE-TO-SAVE.

Oh, that just now you would tell Him your sorrow, confess to Him your sins, ask Him to forgive them, blot them all out, cast them behind His back, never to be remembered against you any more; then believe that He does it; He does it because He loved you and died for you, and shed His blood for you; went through the darkness of the grave for you, and opened Heaven's gate that you might pass in. Throw your soul upon His promises. Don't doubt Him—believe Him. He will save you; He will give you a new heart, new desires, and make your life all new, and over your salvation,—your wandering feet coming home,—your name being written in the Lamb's Book of Life, the highest heights of heaven shall ring and re-ring with the haileujahs of the redeemed, for in heaven there is great joy over one soul that repenteeth.

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PRAYING that this day shall be the best day of all your life, for the day when you shall give your heart to God,
Yours; deeply desirous for your salvation,

Evangelic Booth

Commissioner.

THE WAR CRY.

Our Army Empire.

of Great Britain.

During 1902, no fewer than 1,391 souls knelt at the penitent form in the South London Division.

In two months, ending Jan. 31st, 2,067 applications for employment were made at the Labor Bureau; work was found for 997 of the number. There are still many who are patiently waiting for help. At the end of January 275 names were on the books representing those who were waiting for openings. This number was made up as follows: Building trade (not laborers), 26; engineering and metal trade, 18; carmen and stablemen, 9; clerks and warehousemen, 28; porters and messengers, 20; wood-workers and furniture trade, 23; general laborers, 63; other occupations, 88. Every effort is being put forth to find work for these, but the task is by no means an easy one.

Three hundred and fifty Cadets farewelled from the Training Home on Wednesday, Feb. 13th, for the field. A decision has been arrived at to give the Cadets a course of field training at a second corps instead of at one only.

Finland.

Finland's General Secretary, Major Hjelm, has just returned from his first tour in the far North. He writes:

"In nearly every corps souls were saved, and numbers sought the blessing of a clean heart. A beautiful spirit is manifested by our people in this part of the country. Our chances are grand. Although our comrades in these corps are on the outskirts of the world, they are the same, happy, warm Salvationists as their fellow-soldiers in other parts of the battlefield.

"The winters are long and intensely cold. The air is, however, beautifully pure, and everything is covered with snow and frost.

"Kemi, our most distant corps, is 510 miles from Headquarters. In this northern part of the country we have nine corps, and nearly four hundred soldiers and recruits.

"Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Povisen have led 'a day for souls' at both Helsingfors I. and Tammerfors I. At the first place forty-five, and at the second fifty, came forward to seek salvation and holiness.

"At Viborg II. our officers have again been attacked by the roughs. The Lieutenant was wounded on the wrist with a knife, and the Captain also received a blow. In spite of this, souls are seeking salvation. Our numbers are increasing, and the officers and soldiers are happy in the fight."

United States.

Work at Dayton has practically come to a standstill, owing to an outbreak of small-pox. Both, the Shelter and the hall are under quarantine. Capt. Crawford has been taken down with this dread disease and is at present at the Detention Hospital, while Mrs. Crawford and several other comrades are quarantined at the quarters. Corps-Cadet Willie Wysong was taken with this disease and died a few days ago.

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The Enquiry Department for Lost Friends is doing good work in the U. S. A. As a case in point we might mention there are now living in the Salvation Army Hotel in Chicago, managed by Staff-Capt. Glassey, two young men from Denmark, whose relatives there had lost trace of them. They were found by the Staff-Captain in one of the low-class caravansaries which abound in great cities, and they are now being cared for pending further communications with Denmark.

Many cases from the Scandinavian countries pass under the investigation of the Enquiry Bureau. Husbands and wives have been re-united in cases where the husbands, who went to the U. S. A. to earn a livelihood, seem to have forgotten their home ties until they were

placed in communication again, and several of these cases of recent occurrence have had, to God's praise be it said, most happy endings.

Last week we gave credit to Brigadier Addie instead of Brigadier McIntyre for the erection of a splendid building in Titusville. But then, in the main it is all the same, as we only wished to emphasize the fact that those comrades who have lived this side the border are born hustlers, and we can take a little credit for any of their enterprises.

Sister Adams, nee Barbara Louisa Butler, who was converted at fourteen years of age, in Deseronto, Ont., was promoted to Glory at the beginning of January of this year, from Rochester, N.Y. Only ten months ago she was married to a Salvationist in that city.

OUR LIPPINCOTT CAMPAIGN.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE.

Our campaign at Lippincott had to be cut down to eleven days. There was a good deal of disappointment manifested from Ensign Howell, the officer in charge, down, at my inability to complete the three weeks first intended. Still, we are soldiers, and it is the first duty of a soldier to obey, therefore we pull up stakes and march to our "next."

THE MEETINGS.

The congregations were doubled, and much power and conviction rested upon the gatherings from time to time, and what rejoicing there was as prodigals and sinners were led out to Calvary's Christ. Hallelujah!

THE SOLDIERY.

Being a soldier myself at the above-mentioned corps, I must not be too eulogistic. At least my name appears on the roll, but I am afraid, so far as Lippincott is concerned, I am a "paper" soldier. Still it is an acknowledged fact, that I cannot be at Lippincott and "scouring" the Territory hunting for souls at the same time, therefore my name still remains as an honorary soldier if nothing else. Lippincott soldiers are faithful and good, and held up my hands to the best of their ability. The band did good service, as did the choristers; and altogether it was a lovely time we spent together. Hallelujah!

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THE RESULTS.

You cannot see all that is done in these soul-saving campaigns, but thirty-two for pardon and purity, with eight enrolled and three reinstated at our final meeting, is something to rejoice over.

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God bless Ensign and Mrs. Howell and the Lippincott braves, say both my A.D.C. (Capt. Urquhart) and your humble dust.

Walter Herbert Joins Salvation Army.

London, Feb. 23.—Walter Herbert, who for two years was confined in the county jail, charged with having assisted in the alleged murder of old Joseph Sifton, was converted last night at a meeting of the Salvation Army. Herbert first became acquainted with the Army officers while in the jail, and one of the visiting committee, noting his presence at the meeting, told Staff-Capt. Goodwin, who was speaking of the fact, and she made her remarks suitable to one placed in Herbert's position. Herbert was amongst those who held up their hands "to be prayed for," and left the place with the promise of assistance from the Army in the future. —*Toronto World.*

Walked One Mile at Ninety-Eight Years.

A tribute to Miss Eva Booth, and one with which she was much pleased, was a card which was handed to her at the close of the meeting, on which were written the words: "Mrs. Welch, 98 years old. I have walked one mile to hear Eva Booth." —*London, Ont., Paper.*

HARD TIMES IN LONDON, ENG., AND WHAT THE ARMY IS DOING TO RELIEVE THEM.

As our readers have already been made aware the S. A. has been doing a little toward the relief of the poor in the Old Country this winter. Colonel Sturgess for weeks has had his hands full in caring for the most needy cases, especially in the great city of London. The following cases he describes are of the most pitiful character:

"The other night the police came across a young man who was walking the streets with his wife and fourteen-months-old child. A fatherless constable feared that the infant would be killed by exposure, so he directed the couple to Stanhope Street, where loving hands tended the cold, bitten little one. It was soon sleeping peacefully, wrapped in warm blankets, and its little head nestling into a soft downy pillow.

"The father and mother, who were much cut up, sat watching their child all night.

"It was a touching picture. "This man had been out of work some time. Owing to this fact the young couple had got behind with their rent, and had to clear out. Work is being obtained for the poor fellow, so as to enable him to retrieve his lost position.

The kind co-operation of the police with our officers is a very noticeable and pleasing fact. Here is another instance of this—

"A constable on night duty near Stanhope Street was struck with the delicate appearance of a young woman. Instead of gruffly ordering her to 'move on,' he took the trouble to enquire into her history, and was so far impressed with the truthfulness of her statements that he took her to Adj't. McGregor, to whom he related the facts.

"It appeared she had been in a good situation, but had lost it through foolishly taking drink when at a party. Her money soon went, and she was compelled to leave her lodgings. She had pawned all her clothes, with the exception of the threadbare garments she stood upright in. God, in His providence, had caused a Christian lady to send a parcel to the Shelter containing the very articles of clothing the poor woman so sorely needed. After caring for her immediate necessities, she was passed on to one of Mrs. Booth's Homes, where she remains.

"One poor, broken-hearted fellow, who complained of pains in his back, had slept part of the previous night in somebody's front garden. He was unceremoniously kicked out by the malignant householder.

"The unfortunate man was fed and sheltered. The next morning his physical condition was worse, so he was removed to the infirmary.

"Finally, here is the case of an unemployed commercial traveler. He was the son of an actor; in fact, he had himself been on the stage. He was at one time in the drink trade, but his wife and his friends begged him to give up the business. He did so, and started traveling; but unfortunately, he was unsuited for this, and lost his birth. He came to London to find work but failed. The unhappy man spent night after night dragging his weary bones over the pavement, with despair eating like cancer into his soul. It was a touching sight to see him, despite the many privations he had undergone, he still looked most respectable—as he flung himself down at the penitent form and cried to God to deliver him out of all his distresses.

"Similar instances could be multiplied, sufficient has, we think, been said to indicate the still serious condition of the unemployed masses who have of late been parading the streets in long, sombre-looking processions, mutely pressing, as their greatest claim, a right to earn, by the sweat of their brow, bread for their starving wives and children."

If you want to keep your strength, use it when you want to get tired, do nothing. As a matter of fact, we all know that the last man to go for a helping hand for any new undertaking is the man who has plenty of time on his hands. It is the men or women who are doing the work who are always willing to do a little more,

Songs for the Siege

Fight On!

BY "NED," DEAR RIVER.

Tune.—*The day of victory's coming* (B.J. 23).

Fight on, my precious comrades,

Against the hosts of sin.

The hand that now doth guide us

Will help us still to win,

Raise high the crimson banner,

Proclaim our King Most High;

In love entreat the sinner,

And save them ere they die.

Oh, the day of victory's coming, etc.

Fell many souls are dying

In sin from day to day,

And many still are trying

To find some other way,

Right well we know that Jesus

Can save the worst of men,

And in His blood so precious,

Can make the wildest clean.

We'll sound none other's praises,

We'll count none other dear;

But with our lives and voices,

Preach Christ without a fear,

We'll tell the Gospel story,

Salvation through the blood!

Our Lord, the King of Glory,

Hath brought us near to God.

Only One Thing.

Tune.—*Cleansing for me* (B.J. 45).

2 David, the King, was a servant of God.

Only one thing!

Rough was the pathway he oftentimes trod,

Only one thing!

Still in his soul there was one great desire,

To dwell in God's house his heart did aspire,

And in His temple he longed to aspire,

Only one thing!

Paul, the Apostle, a sinner had been,

Only one thing!

He met with Jesus, who saved him from sin,

Only one thing!

To work for his Master he made up his mind,

Leaving the things which were so far behind,

And pressing forward, the mark he did find,

Only one thing!

Once a poor blind man Christ met on the way,

Only one thing!

He sat on the ground, on his eyes put the clay,

Only one thing!

Then all the people looked on in surprise,

Ask many questions, to which he replies:

"One thing I know, He hath opened my eyes."

Only one thing!

After the Master a young man did run,

Only one thing!

To get life eternal, asks what could be done,

Only one thing!

In keeping the law he had taken great pride,

"One thing thou lackest," the Master replied,

"Sell that thou hast"—but he turned back and

sighed.

Only one thing!

Fighting

BY BRIGADIER T. H. COLLIER, TERRITORIAL
HEADQUARTERS.

Tune.—*Old Black Joe* (Old Band Book 47).

3 Once far from God in sin I used to stray,

Seeking pleasure on the downward way,

Cared not for God. His boundless love I

spurned,

But when I saw my Lord on Calvary, I turned—

Chorus.

I'm fighting, I'm fighting against the hosts of

sin,

And day by day I'm going onward, lost souls to

win.

When unto Him with all my heart I came,
Turned from my sins, forsaking my guilt and

shame.

Peace to my soul. He spoke without delay
And now I have His smile and grace, by my

day.

Now all my life for Jesus I will spend,
Seek for the lost and bring them to this Friend.
Then when my race down here is run,
And when I see His face to face He'll say:
"Well done!"

The Old Hell Still is There.

BY CAPT. STELLA STATA, OCEANIA.

Tune.—*My old New Hampshire Home*

4 Far away within an Army hall one evening,
Many years ago, you kind of Jesus' cross.
You promised Him you'd follow in His foot-
steps.

And be faithful to His word through gain or
loss.

He looked and smiled upon you as you told Him,
And wiped away the tears that flowed so free.
And said: "My child, the past is all forgiven.
Through the blood I shed for you on Cal-
vary."

Chorus.

Now the old hell still is there,
And the Saviour is as fair,
Only you are trudging over the path of woe
For some earthly love and desire.

You sold the Lord you loved so dear,
Yet He waits peace and pardon to bestow.

You remember when you walked in step with
Jesus.

How His love cheered all the winding paths of
life.

And the precious blood bowed freely every mor-
ning.

Cleansing you from all the inward fear and
sin.

But at last you slowly drew back in the pathway,
Your heart began to slip back into sin.

He called you, but you would not hearken to
Him,

But wandered on to journey without Him.

There'll come a time upon the Judgment Morn-
ing.

When you'll meet the world's Redeemer face
to face.

As Judge He'll sit upon a throne of splendor,

And appoint to every soul their righteous place.

You then will want His smile to rest upon you.

And hear Him say, "Thou traitor, come

to Me."

Oh, now return and ask Him for forgiveness.

While He waits and longs to give you liberty.

Joy in Jesus.

BY F. HUNTER, THESPIA ISLAND, S.G.

Tune.—*Wings, sleepy wings*

5 In the path that leads you far away from
God,

Careless they go onward down the mazy road;

Your heart desires pleasure, pleasures that won't

stay.

Like the sunbeam's "glimmer, soon they'll pass

away.

Chorus.

Joy I find in Jesus, joy and some to spare;

Soon I'll go to live in mansions over there;

That's why I'm so happy. Why should I not

be?

I'm one of the whosoever, don't you see?

Stem the raging current, face at once the foe;

Trust yourself to Jesus. He will help you see;

He alone can save you. Give your soul to Him;

Plunge into the fountain and Hell mate you

"The Anchor Holds."

BY J. W. DENOUGH.

Tune.—*Just before the battle, Meet me at the*
fountain (B.J. 13).

These were the dying words of Mr. G. H.
Ellis, a student in Victoria University.)

6 Tell the boys the anchor holds!

These words he whispered clear,
While we gathered round the bedside
Of our dying comrade dear.

Tell the boys the anchor holds!

Christ is faithful to His word;
In death's hour of gloom and terror,
By thee stands thy risen Lord.

Glorious hope in death's dark passage,
Jesus' strength thy form enfolds;

Tell the boys the anchor holds!

Tell the boys the anchor holds!

Free salvation through the blood;

In the safety of the soul

In the midst of Jordan's flood.

Tell the boys the anchor holds!

No vain fable is our faith;

Peaceful rides the little barge
On the swelling tides of death.

Tell the boys the anchor holds!

And a smile of rapture sweet,

Lit up the happy face

As he gently fell asleep.

Tell the boys the anchor holds!

So the words for evermore

Seem to echo faint and sweet

From the far-off heavenly shore.

No Longer Delay.

Tune.—*The Lion of Judah* (B.B. 60).

Come, sinners, to Jesus,

No longer delay,

A free, full salvation

Is offered to-day;

Arise, all ye bond slaves,

Awake from your dream!

Believe, and the light and

The glory shall stream.

For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,

And give us the victory again and again.

The world will oppose you.

And Satan will rage;

To hinder your coming

They both will engage,

But Jesus, your Saviour,

Has conquered for you,

And He will assist you

To conquer them, too.

When death's shady valley

Christ calls you to tread,

A halo of glory

Around you He'll shed;

His presence will cheer you,

As faintly you pray,

And angels to glory

Shall bear you away.

Ere the Sun Goes Down.

Tune.—*Ere the sun goes down*.

You must get your sins forgiven

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down;

If you wish to go to heaven

When the sun, when the sun goes down

Oh, now to God be crying,

For your time is swiftly flying,

In the grave you'll soon be lying,

When the sun goes down.

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,

O sinner, come to Jesus,

Ere the sun goes down.

Every chance will soon be past,

When the sun, when the sun goes down

Even this may be the last,

When the sun, when the sun goes down

If this offer be rejected,

And salvation still neglected,

Death will come when least expected,

When the sun goes down.

19th Year